

## Oklahoma

William Z Winsom certainly never before put groceries away naked.

But his clothes had been soaked from dragging bags upstairs through very nearly solid heat. A sort of ticking came from outside, leading, he hoped, to the promised thunder shower.

He discounted the perfunctory tornado warning, one a day for the preceding week.

Droplets whipped across his neck when he placed Special K atop the frig. As he meditated on their appearance indoors, turning to the windows to check, the front of the apartment ripped off with a roar, exposing him to the Billy Benloes, dragging Grandpa, drunk, to a shelter.

"Always knew YOU was some kinda pre-vert!" he cackled, black debris circling the luminous group.